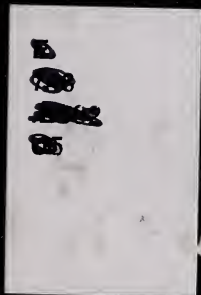


Frank Henry Buck

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM CALIFORNIA



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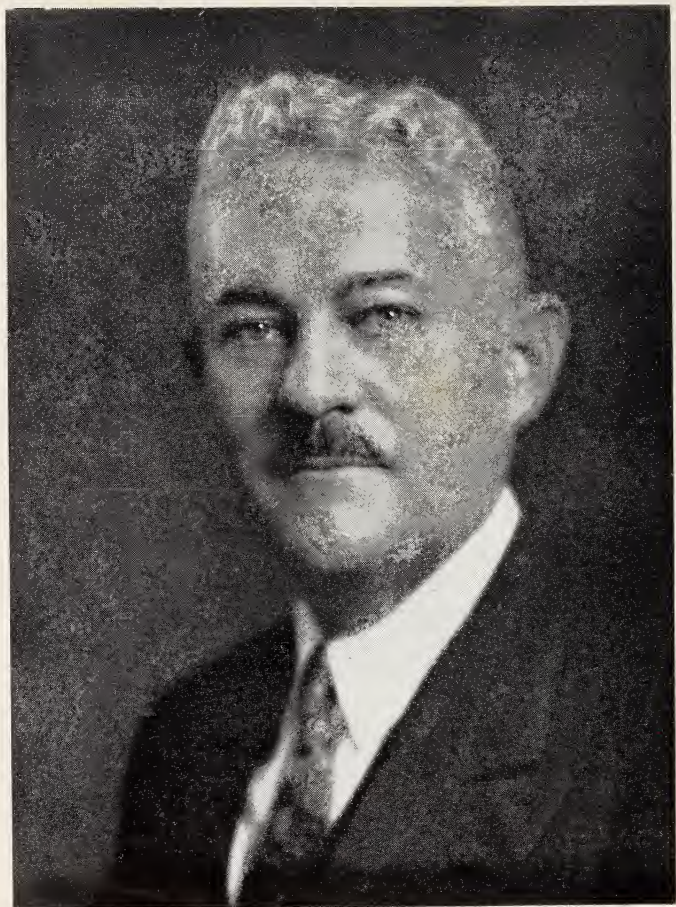
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Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH
REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

Frank Henry Buck

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM CALIFORNIA



Sebenty-eighth Congress
First Session



UNITED STATES
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Contents

	Page
Biography.....	5
Memorial services in the House:	
Memorial service program.....	11
Prayer by Rev. James Shera Montgomery.....	13
Roll of deceased Members, read by Mr. Irving W. Swanson, reading clerk of the House.....	15
Address by Mr. Clifton A. Woodrum, of Virginia.....	16
Address by Mr. Everett M. Dirksen, of Illinois.....	23
Benediction by the Chaplain.....	32
Memorial addresses:	
Mr. Ed. V. Izac, of California.....	35
Mr. John H. Tolan, of California.....	36
Mr. Thomas F. Ford, of California.....	38
Mr. Jerry Voorhis, of California.....	39
Proceedings in the House:	
Prayer by the Chaplain.....	43
Tribute by Mr. Clarence F. Lea, of California.....	43
Tribute by Mr. Alfred J. Elliott, of California.....	45
Tribute by Mr. Thomas Rolph, of California.....	46
Tribute by Mr. Leland M. Ford, of California.....	47
Proceedings in the Senate.....	51

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Biography

FRANK HENRY BUCK was born on a ranch near Vacaville, Solano County, Calif., September 23, 1887; attended the public schools; was graduated from the University of California at Berkeley in 1908 and from the law department of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., in 1911; was admitted to the bar the same year and commenced practice in San Francisco, Calif.; fruit grower and farmer at Vacaville, Calif.; also engaged in lumber business and oil refining; delegate to the Democratic National Conventions at Houston in 1928, Philadelphia in 1936, and Chicago in 1940; elected as a Democrat to the Seventy-third and to the four succeeding Congresses, and served from March 4, 1933, until his death in Washington, D. C., September 17, 1942; interment in Vacaville-Elmira Cemetery, Vacaville, Calif.

In the House of Representatives

FRIDAY, May 7, 1943.

Mr. MURDOCK. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the immediate consideration of House Resolution 231.

The Clerk read the resolution, as follows:

Resolved, That on Wednesday, the 26th day of May 1943, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on Memorials, under the provisions of clause 40-A of Rule XI. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record until the last issue of the Record of the first session of the Seventy-eighth Congress, on the life, character, and public service of the deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings the Speaker shall call the House to order, and then, as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased, he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Sebenty-eighth Congress
First Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, sacred selections (11:30 to 11:45)

United States Marine Band Orchestra

Presiding Officer----- The Speaker of the House of Representatives

Invocation----- The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

There Is No Death (Geoffrey O'Hara) ----- Doris Doe

Scripture reading and prayer----- The Chaplain

Roll of deceased Members

The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional silence

Goin' Home (Anton Dvorak) ----- Doris Doe
New World Symphony

Address----- Hon. Clifton A. Woodrum
Representative from the State of Virginia

Address----- Hon. Everett M. Dirksen
Representative from the State of Illinois

Hymn----- Doris Doe

Taps----- Sgt. William Lamb

Benediction----- The Chaplain

Frank Henry Buck



Memorial Services

WEDNESDAY, May 26, 1943.

The **SPEAKER** of the House of Representatives (Mr. Rayburn) presided.

The **CHAPLAIN**, Rev. Dr. James Shera Montgomery, offered the following prayer:

May the words of our mouths and the meditations of our hearts be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, our strength and our Redeemer.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast in the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me.

In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

Peace, I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you.

"Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just),
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own."

"Still, still with Thee when purple morning breaketh
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

"When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eyes look up to Thee in prayer
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'er shading,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

"So shall it be at last in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee;
O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee."

MEMORIAL SERVICES

Heavenly Father, our minds are arrested as we pause to meditate upon the brevity of this life and the immortality of the human soul. Again the silver cord is loosened, the golden bowl is broken, the pitcher at the fountain, and the wheel at the cistern. As life and death walk the ways of earth, we rejoice that the pulse-throb of eternity is mighty within us and that mortality cannot kill the unconquerable soul. Accept our deepest praise for Thy providential care which towers above the horizons of human need, revealing the ultimate blessing to those who pass this way. O God, would that our lips were nigh to full speech, that faith eternal and hope wondering and pensive could give expression to their fullest and most secret joys.

The workman dies, but the work goes on; today we give grateful tribute to those whose brotherly companionship we have shared. They rose to high levels of conscientious thinking, of patriotic devotion, and have bequeathed to their generation those strong, manly virtues, enduring and altogether worthy of emulation. Blessed Lord, give us courage in all that is good, aversion to all that is evil, and power to resist all temptation. To all who are in sorrow and all who tarry here, be like music floating through the highlands, like a sweet fragrance wafted over the valleys, and ever like a soft shaft of light breaking through the clouds and Thine shall be the praise forever—through Christ, our Saviour. Amen.

Doris Doe sang, *There Is No Death* (Geoffrey O'Hara).

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Irving W. Swanson, reading clerk of the House, read the following roll:

FRANK HENRY BUCK, Third Congressional District of California: Born September 23, 1887; lawyer; businessman; fruit grower and farmer; received degree of bachelor of letters, University of California, 1908, and degree of bachelor of laws, Harvard University.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

1911; delegate to the Democratic National Conventions in 1928, 1936, and 1940; Member of the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, and Seventy-seventh Congresses; died September 17, 1942.

PHILIP ALLEN BENNETT, Sixth Congressional District of Missouri: Born March 5, 1881; educator; editor and publisher; businessman; graduated from the Springfield (Mo.) Normal and Business College, 1902; delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1912; member of the State senate, 1921-25; served as Lieutenant Governor of Missouri, 1925-29; Member of the Seventy-seventh Congress and Member-elect of the Seventy-eighth Congress; died December 7, 1942.

HARRY LANE ENGLEBRIGHT, Second Congressional District of California: Born January 2, 1884; mining engineer; attended grammar and high schools and the University of California; mineral inspector for the field division of the general land office and engineer for the State Conservation Commission of California, 1911-14; member of the American Mining Congress; Member of the Sixty-ninth to Seventy-eighth Congresses; served as minority whip, Seventy-third to Seventy-eighth Congresses; died May 13, 1943.

Mrs. **NORTON**, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

Then followed 1 minute of devotional silence.

Doris Doe sang, *Goin' Home* (Anton Dvorak).

HON. CLIFTON A. WOODRUM, a Representative from the State of Virginia, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. CLIFTON A. WOODRUM

MR. SPEAKER: Once again we meet to bow in reverence and awe to the inevitable visitation of the Grim Reaper. Since we last met upon such an occasion he has been in our midst—before we shall meet again he will return—not once, but again and again—to the great, the humble, the rich and the poor, the old and the young. To each he shall return in his own appointed time.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath;
And stars to set,
But thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh Death!

And so on this day of memory, we recall with deep and tender emotion those colleagues whom we have "loved and lost awhile."

This ceremony is essentially one of deep emotion and feeling. As we gather here the years pass before us in panorama—friends and dearly loved ones—great, warm souls that brightened our lives as they passed by. There they go, one by one. Each with his own individuality, his charm, his spirit, his frailties, perhaps. They were our friends and companions. Their lives and experiences furnished the varicolored strands that when woven into the completed form have made the fabric of life. As each life has touched our own, there has been left some tender thought, some sweet recollection.

This occasion must impress us with the inevitable certainty of time—the ticking clock, the chimes in the tower, the fast falling pages from the calendar upon the wall, the bending form, the faltering touch, the failing step. These tell us that time marches on and takes his passing toll.

In the year just passed, three of our colleagues have answered the last roll call. Each in his own appointed time heard the fall of the gavel, and the stern voice of the Speaker, "The time of the gentleman has expired." We miss them today.

In addition to these comrades, we have lost from this body two of the most distinguished and colorful collaborators—Joseph J. Sinnott and William Tyler Page. For many, many years these two distinguished public servants wrought and labored in the service of their country. Today we salute their memory. Their names deserve and shall have a place high on the scroll of those who have rendered valuable public service.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

As we turn back the pages of memory and recall that never-ending throng that all too quickly passes through these portals, I think we must often feel that we do not embrace the full opportunity to really know and appreciate each other. We are so busy—official acts are so demanding—we just haven't the time. Ah, my comrades, do we not often in our mad rush day in and day out, miss some of the real solace and joy of this service by not knowing each other better?

We nodded as we passed each day
And smiled and went along our way;
I knew his name, and he knew mine,
But neither of us made a sign
That we possessed a common tie;
We barely spoke as we passed by.

How fine he was I never guessed,
The splendid soul within his breast
I never saw. From me was hid
The manly kindly deeds he did.
His gentle ways I didn't know
Or I'd have claimed him long ago.

Then trouble came to me one day
And he was first to come and say
The cheering words I longed to hear;
He offered help, and standing near
I felt our lives in sorrow blend,
My neighbor had become my friend.

How many smiles from day to day
I've missed along my narrow way;
How many kindly words I've lost,
What joy has my indifference cost!
This glorious friend that now I know,
Would have been friendly years ago.

The bud but very little shows
To tell the beauty of the rose,
And him we greet in passing by
With scarce a nod, the day we sigh,
May blossom as the storms descend
With all the beauty of a friend.

—Edgar A. Guest.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

As name after name of our departed colleagues has been called here today, our memories have been traveling back to many scenes and incidents connected with our associations and their service in this body. We felt the impression of his activities and watched his labor in the interest of the cause he espoused. But, my brethren, imperceptibly at times, silently often, but always surely and inevitably, the passing years take their toll. Under the heavy load and strain we saw that once agile form bend under its burden; the eye that once sparkled with ambition grow dim with the strain, and the raven locks yield to the biting frosts of passing winters; and one day we were saddened by the news that this friend, this comrade, this colaborer, had answered the last roll call, had embarked upon life's greatest adventure. We had witnessed, my friends, the drama and tragedy of life, with its sunshine and shadows, its hopes and disappointments, its victories and defeats, its life and death.

There is no more honorable mission than to be chosen to represent a constituency in the United States House of Representatives. It is an honor that may well be coveted by our fellow citizens. The Congress is the most distinctly representative legislative body in the world. Here we find literally and actually a cross section of the American people. Every school of thought, every political philosophy has in this Hall its representative, as it has the right to have. If we at times seem to be in confusion and wandering in a wilderness of conflicting objectives, then it is largely because the American people are unsettled and undetermined. This Congress is just what the American people wish it to be. Individually and collectively, its membership compares most favorably with any other group of American citizens. Upon the roster of the Congress we find the names of men who have been leaders in the business, professional, and the commercial life of the Nation as well as those who have served their communities and their States and the Nation in places of high honor and great responsibility, both the judicial and the executive

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

branches of government. Every type and every calling is represented here. Let us not forget for an instant that every Member of this House holds his commission only because a majority of the citizens of his district, entitled to suffrage, desired that he represent them. He will be kept here or retired, rewarded or condemned, according to whether that same constituency shall feel that he has served them well or ill. This is representative government in its truest sense. So long as that continues, the Republic is safe. It seems to be a popular pastime to ridicule and criticize the national legislative body. It is always open season on Congress. I suppose this is no different today from what it has been in other days; nor do I make any complaint. Undoubtedly, we often deserve and merit criticism.

Unquestionably, the casual visitor in our galleries, noting a scarcity of attendance, a lack of interest, and oftentimes bedlam and confusion will form a very erroneous and unjustifiable opinion of this body and its work. He perhaps has not taken into consideration the fact that the speeches being made upon the floor, under the rule of general debate, have little relation to the legislation under consideration, and that the particular bill or resolution, which will ultimately pass, and probably without contest, has been the subject of weeks and months of careful thought and patient study by a responsible committee of the House. He does not take into account the fact that the real work, the determining battles are in committee work, and that often the issues are settled before the legislation comes up for consideration. There may be found in the Membership some of the most conscientious and hard-working men I have ever known—men who literally grind out and spend their very life's energy in an effort to serve. We are made up of just plain human beings, with all of the frailties and imperfections of the race. I do say, however, that the Membership of this House individually are men of honor and capacity, striving, according to their own

MEMORIAL SERVICES

individual opinions and the understanding that they have to serve their constituents and their country; and I say very deliberately and emphatically that if you give this House the true facts, and sufficient time for deliberate and orderly consideration, its ultimate determinations will generally be in keeping with American ideals and for the best interests of our people.

As I meditated upon this occasion, my mind went back 18 years to a day when a great man stood upon the Speaker's rostrum, about to relinquish voluntarily the high robes and office of the Speaker of the House of Representatives. The day was March 4, 1925, and Mr. Speaker Gillett, of Massachusetts, was leaving the House of Representatives after 32 years of service to accept a commission as a Member of the United States Senate. Today, as I have done before, I commend to you, my colleagues, the entire remarks of Mr. Speaker Gillett on that occasion. For the purposes of this ceremony, however, I desire to quote briefly from his address:

It is the fashion to sneer at Congress, as it always has been the fashion, and I have no doubt always will be, because Congress is expected by legislation to put into concrete and definite form the hazy and contradictory ideals of the people, and as realization generally falls short of expectation, "as man never is but always to be blest," so congressional action must always be disappointing. * * *

This House becomes in time a pretty infallible judge of a Member's merit. It learns to appraise motives. It discriminates between the modest men who with sincerity are trying to render service and the men who are working only for display and self-advancement.

And it is refreshing to note that although the home folks may often be deceived by the fake statesman who is always playing to the gallery, yet the sincere and industrious and modest man has his recognition and reward. I would deem the genuine esteem and respect and confidence of this body the highest tribute a man could earn. * * *

You may remember when first elected Speaker I said that I had attained the goal of my desires and my ambition was completely satisfied. I feel exactly now as I did then. Thanks to you, my friends, my enjoyment of it has been equal to my anticipation. I would rather be Speaker of this House than hold any other position

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

in the world, and it was no ambition or initiative of my own that led me to relinquish it.

Such, my friends, were the sober reflections of a great man who had rendered a great service to his country.

Service in the Congress of the United States at this critical hour carries a great responsibility. Decisions are being made that may vitally affect the very perpetuity of our institutions. This service calls for courage.

I sought from Socrates, the sage,
Whose thoughts will live through every age
A motto to direct my life,
A hero make me in the strife
Socrates said, "Know thyself."

To know myself would not suffice,
To make me truly great and wise,
I sought Aurelius, good and great,
Wise ruler of the Roman State—
Aurelius said, "Control thyself."

O Nazarene, Thou who didst give Thy life
That men might truly live—
What motto dost Thou leave for me,
That I may truly follow Thee?
The Master said "Deny thyself."

Deny thyself—self-sacrifice, self-abnegation. A willingness to spend and be spent for one's country. A willingness, if need be, to lay our political ambitions upon the altar of sacrifice. That is the call of the hour in this body. It matters not too much how long I serve here. It may matter very much what I do while here. May we not upon this occasion when we pay tribute to our friends of yesterday, resolve in our hearts to rededicate our efforts to this great job at hand.

Time moves on apace, my friends. Seasons come and go, but a quick swing of the horolog of time, and other voices, will resound in this sacred Chamber.

Those friends of yesteryear have gone—on what voyage, or to what shore, I know not. But I am a follower of the faith

MEMORIAL SERVICES

that believes they have reached a harbor where there is anchorage safe from storm and gale. Toward that harbor of peace and rest, all of us do devoutly turn our eyes.

Sometime at eve, when the tide is low,
I shall slip my moorings and sail away,
With no response to the friendly hall
Of kindred craft in the busy bay.
In the silent hush of the twilight pale,
When the night swoops down to embrace the day,
And the voices call in the water's flow—
Sometime at eve, when the tide is low,
I shall slip my moorings and sail away.

Through purple shades that darkly trail
O'er the ebbing tide of the unknown sea,
I shall fare me away with a dip of sail
And a ripple of waters to tell the tale
Of a lonely voyager, sailing away
To mystic isles, where at anchor lay
The craft of those who have sailed before,
O'er the unknown sea to the unseen shore.

A few who have watched me sail away
Will miss my craft from the busy bay;
Some friendly barks that were anchored near,
Some loving souls that my heart held dear,
In silent sorrow will drop a tear.
But I shall have peacefully furled my sail
In moorings sheltered from storm and gale,
And greeted the friends who have sailed before
O'er the unknown sea to the unseen shore.

Hon. EVERETT M. DIRKSEN, a Representative from the State of Illinois, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. EVERETT M. DIRKSEN

DAY FOR REMEMBRANCE

Mr. SPEAKER: We meet for remembrance.

What a divine endowment it is.

It is one of the most ennobling attributes of mind and spirit.

What tragedy if we could not remember.

Suppose each moment and the substance of each moment were blacked out when it had been spent on the wings of time.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

How impoverished would be the spirit if we could not recall the echoes of some lilting refrain when the last note had died away?

If we could not recall the refreshing melody of some stirring hymn which gave fire to the soul and resolve to the heart?

If we could not recall the tenderness of a caressing hand on a fevered brow?

If we could not recall a soft whisper of long ago that spoke of love and hope?

If we could not recall a gentle voice which was like a spring-scented zephyr to a weary spirit?

If we could recall no golden smile, which like a lovely sun-burst, warmed all within its aura?

If we could not recall a noble deed, the very doing of which brought a new faith in the dignity and goodness of man?

If we could not conjure up the gracious fellowship of a good man, whether great or humble, whose very goodness was like an elixir to ebbing hope.

If we had no power to reach into the inexhaustible storehouse of remembrance to order forth a gaily caparisoned cavalcade of sweet and gracious and lovely memories of men and deeds, smiles and laughter, of melodies and voices, of tenderness and goodness to rekindle waning hope, surcharge faith, and make plain the continuity of past and present, of present and future?

Remembrance is the light which makes the way ahead less tortuous and lonely.

It makes us kin to the endless pattern of the Republic.

It makes us a fixed part of the golden tapestry of mankind, for in that tapestry we too have been privileged to weave a golden thread.

As we meet for remembrance of those who for a brief time have slipped away from this Chamber, we pay testimony to that divine gift of memory which makes us a part of all that has gone before, and gives hope that we shall be a part of all that comes after.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

THE QUEST FOR ASSURANCE

There can be no memorial without the living and the dead.
What shall we the living find in this memorial?

We can find comfort, faith, hope, and inspiration.

Since time's dawn, men have sought comfort in the hour of transition from the known to the unknown.

The afflicted Job, surrounded by Zophar, Bildad, and Eliphaz, contemplated the end of all things and then phrased the deathless question: "If a man die, shall he live again?"

From the unlettered cave man to the scholarly philosopher has come that eternal question.

It is echoed at every graveside.

It tumbles through the thoughts of all the world at Easter-tide, when the earth is touched with the sweet breath of resurrection and men ask, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

COMFORT

A swelling faith choruses the answer.

Today, in remembrance, we find comfort in the conviction that our colleagues live, and live again.

They whisper to us from the crannies and vaulted spaces of this Chamber.

Their hushed whispers respond to every calling of the roll.

They are a deathless part of the endless stream of our national life.

Consider the host which has gone before—which has marched through the legislative design of this Republic!

Consider the golden stars, woven in deathless luster upon the flag of this House by the hand of time and what pride it evokes in the continuity of the Republic.

Stars are there for Madison, Monroe, and Randolph.

Stars are there for Muhlenberg and Baldwin.

Stars are there for Harrison and Breckinridge.

Stars are there for Calhoun, Clay, and Webster.

Stars are there for Sherman and Blaine, for Lovejoy and Stephens.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Stars are there for Hoar and Garfield and McKinley.

A burnished star is there for Lincoln.

Stars are there for Reed and Gillette, for Crisp and Clark,
for Wadsworth and Cochran.

Stars are there for Underwood and Payne, for Mann and
Madden, for James and Sherley, for Vreeland and Longworth.

Stars are there for Rainey, Byrns, and Bankhead.

Stars are there for each generation.

Short days ago time's hand has woven other stars upon
the banner of this body—the stars of **FRANK BUCK**, **PHILIP
BENNETT**, and **HARRY ENGLEBRIGHT**.

They are a part of the imperishable genius of the Nation.

Each in his own way has impressed himself upon the insti-
tutions and the welfare of this our common country.

With delicate tracery, each has woven his golden thread
upon the design of our living and forsook the loom only for
a brief while when touched by the moving finger.

How enriching to the spirit to find comfort in remembrance
of them.

From this remembrance comes belief in the abiding truth
that human personality is indestructible.

It is but transmuted into a new and living force at a
spiritual level.

The Creator creates all and destroys nothing.

From a plane I have looked down upon Pentagon and Pan-
ama, upon Empire State and Mount Rushmore, upon Boulder
Dam, and T. V. A.

What massive monuments they are to human ingenuity.

Yet basically no part of these was created by the hand of
man.

Man but took what the mystic force of creation provided,
transmuted it into new forms, new shapes, new compounds.

None of it did he create.

None of it can he destroy.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

Stone may be wrenched from stone, but still they remain stones.

Wood and fiber, metal and alloy may be burned or consumed, but it is only transmuted into a new force, a new energy.

The falling leaf becomes the plant food for a lovely flower.

Thus does nature follow her own cycle of indestructibility.

Who can believe that human personality, fashioned in the image of the Creator can be destroyed, can be lost, can be blacked out and extinguished forever?

Everywhere about us is the shining proof that they live to perfect the work which they have undertaken and thus in the hour of remembrance we find comfort.

RESURRECTION IS THE RULE OF LIFE

Resurrection is the rule of life.

Look from the window of this Capitol upon the magnificence of nature and there find the answer to Job's question.

But a brief while ago, the earth was brown and sere.

And lo! there came the mystical magic of the resurrection.

It is the miracle of spring, the irresistible conqueror.

Spring zephyrs caress the inviting bosom of the earth and new life swells.

Trees have been pruned and scrubbed by snow and rain and wind. The sap rises. Swelling buds unfold with dainty leaves. Winter's sleep is over. The new life is at hand.

There comes the grass like a green mantle over all the earth.

Lilac and syringa, hydrangea, and azalea extend their slender arms in suppliance to a mystic power and then comes fulfillment of the promise of new life.

Star flower and wake-robin, tulip and pansy, violet and honeysuckle flaunt their majesty upon each passer-by like a colorful salute to departing winter and a new life.

The holiness of beauty is at hand.

In this magnificent panoply there is resurgent hope, a new faith.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Here is the rule of life.

It is the resurrection.

It brings comfort in this hour of remembrance.

As one beholds this majesty of new life in the domain of all nature, can he believe that the end of human personality, of human fellowship, and human endeavor is but a dismal black-out?

Can he believe that the mystic force which sheds its beneficence upon the earth as the sun crosses the vernal equinox, cannot awaken human personality that it might carry on its work at a higher unseen level?

This is the ordered majesty of the universe which brings comfort and affords the answer to the query of Job.

FAITH

In this hour of remembrance, we find precious comfort in the continuity of all things living and in the conviction that dust is not the goal.

But we find something more.

We find a resolute and stimulating faith to carry on in a tumultuous world.

From the first day of the first Congress of the Republic, we have been beset with problems foreign and domestic.

Without precedent or example, our legislative predecessors were confronted with the problem of spelling out the new-found powers of the Constitution.

They saw the Nation expand.

They saw a centrifugal force hurl a growing population toward the Alleghenies, toward the Mississippi, toward the Rockies, toward the placid Pacific, and saw the frontier close upon itself.

With this expansion came problems of transport and communication, of agriculture and the public domain, of commerce and industry.

They saw the phenomenon of a centripetal force siphon families and individuals into growing centers of population

MEMORIAL SERVICES

and bring with it problems of subsistence, security, and protection.

In their generation, as in ours, there came for solution the unsolved problems of the Constitution, bringing with them bloody conflict and a more compact Union.

Each of the thousands in that shadowy host who have gone before and for whom a star is fixed upon the banner of this body, met the problems of his own generation, in his own good way and so contributed to the march of national progress.

FRANK BUCK, PHILIP BENNETT, and HARRY ENGLEBRIGHT, each in proportion to his light and talent, fought the good fight. Each met the issues of his day and generation with resolution and courage and so joined that galaxy of redoubtable souls who for more than 150 years have given direction and force to the progress of our country.

Quietly and unobtrusively they labored diligently in the common cause.

From them we find a revitalized faith to carry on and do our share.

These are days for men with faith, with courage, and with vision, who can catch the sound of the universal voice.

The Lord, speaking from the fiery mist to a prostrate Ezekiel, said: "Son of man, stand upon thy feet and I will speak with thee."

With faith born of remembrance, we shall stand boldly upright and carry on.

HOPE

In this hour of remembrance we find comfort and faith. But we find something more. We find hope. It is the greatest of all spiritual forces. How vital it is in a dark hour.

I think of Abraham Lincoln, standing on the balcony of a hotel in Washington watching the troops go by, and then saying to a stripling girl who had been presented to him, "My child, what a world we live in today."

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

We can reecho that sentiment. What a world we live in today.

There is the tramp of a hundred million booted feet, the drone of planes, the swish of tin fish, and the roar of guns. Millions of young bodies have been bruised to eternal sleep.

The casualty lists are at once messages of glory and of sorrow and despair.

The ordeal of battle brings with it sacrifices, dislocations, and maladjustments, which completely reorder and reshape our daily living.

Like incredulous children, we take account of increasing expenditures, mounting debt, regimentation, and the ever-growing dislocations in our economic structure.

As we envision that future day when the stalwart sons of America return from far-flung battle lines and the healing processes of peace are resumed, we grow apprehensive over the solvency of the world, the integrity of our own institutions and the perpetuity of the Republic and its traditions.

We are assailed with doubts and fears of the future.

And then in remembrance of those who have gone before, we find hope.

They, too, encountered fears and doubts in other days.

They met each doubt and fear, each problem and situation, with courage and resolve, and the Nation still lives.

The annals of other days are redolent with gloom and despair.

One hundred and six years ago a Louisiana publication observed that "all is darkness, doubt, and despair."

Eighty-five years ago one could have read in Harpers that "Not in the lifetime of most men who read this paper has there ever been so much grave and deep apprehension."

Seventy years ago one could have read in a New York newspaper that "There are those who believe that the days of the Republic are numbered."

Fifty years ago one might have read in a New York editorial that "The perspective of the year is a study of shadow and prevailing gloom."

MEMORIAL SERVICES

Thirty-five years ago there appeared in a leading publication the observation that "The ship of state is on the verge of sinking."

Only 5 years ago an editorial stated that "It was a twelve-month of gloom, uncertainty, and apprehension. Are there still men of good will? Perhaps; but they are hard to find."

Here is the recurring pattern of fear and doubt, spread over 100 years of national life.

But the Nation still lives. And the Nation will live.

From the pages of history and from the fellowship of our beloved colleagues we shall find a stimulating hope to aid us in resolving the doubts of today and the fears of tomorrow.

When conflict becomes wearisome; when the fatigued spirit cries for relief; when faith is bruised and the cup of frustration seems full to overflowing; when the way is dark and the future seems but a yawning void, let us but think of them and of the glorious tradition to which they belong and find a resplendent and invigorating hope with which to meet the problems before us and do our full part to preserve the heritage which is ours.

INSPIRATION

In remembrance we find comfort, we find faith, and we find hope.

But we find something more. It is inspiration.

What would they have us do?

If they could speak from the vastness of their shadowy world, what would they say?

They would with all the fervor which comes from a larger perspective enjoin upon us the defense of freedom as the only true moral climate in which there can be true progress.

They would have us preserve the Republic in a world where the virus of total government is at work.

They would have us requite the sacrifices for freedom abroad with a determined defense of freedom at home.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

They would have us search our souls for the way which leads to better living through real brotherhood.

They would have us sternly pursue the moral law and stand on that side which is right and just.

They would have us affirm and reaffirm our courage and capacity to bring about a better world.

They would have us seek enduring peace by giving peace a chance to endure.

They would have us sing God Bless America and work to make it worthy of every blessing.

With rapture born of fervor and high purpose, they would have us say:

Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Doris Doe sang Consolation (S. Webbe).

Taps was sounded by Sgt. William Lamb.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., pronounced the benediction:

The Lord bless you and keep you, the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you, the Lord lift the light of His countenance upon you and give you peace, both now and evermore. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord and our Saviour. Amen.

Memorial Addresses
on
Frank Henry Buck

Memorial Addresses



Remarks by Representative Isaac *Of California*

Mr. SPEAKER: My colleague, FRANK BUCK, was one of the ablest men to come from the great State of California. He was a champion who guarded zealously the reputation of California and her products. A great producer himself, he was constantly striving to better the lot of those engaged in the agricultural industry of the West. As a member of the Ways and Means Committee, he became an authority on taxation, and his fight to safeguard the rights of the community property States will not soon be forgotten.

The people of our State owe much to FRANK BUCK, for as long as his health permitted, he gave unstintingly of his vast store of energy to the solution of problems peculiar to our area. It was not until the last year of his life that, overtaken by illness, he was forced to slacken the pace of his former activities.

I like to remember him as a virile and courageous Member of the House of Representatives always trying to serve the best interests of his State and of the Nation. Divine Providence has seen fit to take him from us. May his soul rest in peace.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Remarks by Representative Tolan *Of California*

MR. SPEAKER: Under leave to extend my remarks, I include herein a splendid tribute from Hon. John O'Connor, former Congressman from New York, concerning our late deceased Member, Hon. FRANK H. BUCK, of California.

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 21, 1942.

HON. JOHN H. TOLAN,

House of Representatives,

Washington, D. C.

DEAR JOHN: Like his lovely family, your California delegation in Congress has suffered a great loss in the death of FRANK BUCK, and that irrespective of party.

Frank and I first became friends in 1908, when we entered Harvard Law School, from which we were graduated in 1911.

He was a brilliant student of the law, although about 2 years younger than the average student in his class. He lived opposite me on Cambridge Street, in Cambridge, Mass., and I saw him daily and became more closely identified with him as active members in the Harvard Democratic Club. Frank was a Democrat, even then, when he had just reached his majority, and even though he came from California, which at that time was certainly no citadel of democracy. Gold had corrupted many of the then "migrants"—the "Oakies" of '49—into feigning the plutocratic airs of effete eastern republicanism, with its gold standard and subsidy tariffs.

Frank's folks must have been sufficiently adamant in their Jeffersonian democracy to withstand the attacks of the opulent gold-rushers from the old guard East.

Ten years after I came to Congress, Frank was elected, in 1932, and in Washington we renewed our old Harvard acquaintanceship. During these 10 years we have been close friends, but more important during all that service in the House, FRANK BUCK was not an ordinary Representative in Congress. He was the exceptional Member. He possessed intelligence, industry, and aptness. He was a pillar of strength in the Ways and Means Committee, and especially so, because he was no starry-eyed radical attempting to "share the wealth" under the sneak of "taxation." He

FRANK HENRY BUCK

had just enough of that balance of conservatism to prevent sloping over into the trough which the demagogues set out in the market place for the so-called have-nots.

Because he was not a chameleonlike demagogue, bloc this, and bloc that, and new this and new that threatened him for reelection.

FRANK BUCK's sensible American steadfastness lent credit to his party, and his State and to the House of Representatives, which he honored by his membership.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN O'CONNOR.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Remarks by Representative Ford *Of California*

MR. SPEAKER: The House of Representatives is once more called upon to perform the sad duty of holding memorial services for its departed Members.

The Honorable FRANK HENRY BUCK who so ably represented the State of California on the great Ways and Means Committee in passing left a gap that will be heard to fill.

His knowledge of the intricate problems connected with taxation rendered him one of the committee's most valuable members.

He was, in addition to being a good businessman, an able lawyer and his broad and intimate knowledge of the legal, financial, and agricultural problems of California enabled him to render his State invaluable service.

While this service was somewhat impaired by the illness which finally proved fatal, the State of California generally, and the agricultural interests particularly, are forever in his debt.

FRANK HENRY BUCK

Remarks by Representative Voorhis *Of California*

MR. SPEAKER: Under leave to extend my remarks in the Record, I include the following tribute to the late Honorable FRANK H. BUCK by Branch 24, National Association of Letter Carriers of Los Angeles, Calif.:

Postal employees throughout the State of California were saddened at the sudden passing of the Honorable FRANK BUCK, Congressman from Vacaville, Calif. Mr. BUCK had endeared himself to the thousands of postal employees of California by his sympathetic understanding of their problems and his efforts in their behalf. He was a leader among the California delegation in legislation beneficial to postal employees, a delegation that has stood behind the postal workers 100 percent in their efforts to secure legislation so badly needed since the outbreak of the war. Mr. BUCK went before the Civil Service Committee of the House and testified in behalf of legislation supported by the postal groups of the country. He unqualifyingly committed himself to all legislation beneficial to postal employees. On his record, postal employees know that with the passing of the Honorable FRANK BUCK, they have indeed lost a real friend.

Those of us who had not had the pleasure of meeting Mr. BUCK personally, recently attended a postal convention at Stockton, in Mr. BUCK's home district. There we learned from our fellow workers in his home district that Mr. BUCK was all that we believed him to be. Despite the fact that he was not wanting in this world's goods, he was never lacking in his efforts in behalf of the underprivileged. From his home folks who knew him best, we learned that his place in Congress will indeed be hard to fill. As humble servants of the people of the United States, we wish to record our

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

deepest sorrow in the passing of this fine man and understanding friend of the postal worker. May we close with the lines of Tennyson:

“And though from out the bourne of time and space
The tide may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.”

GERARD W. HORN,
HOWARD K. EATON,
DEAN W. HARRIS,

*Branch 24, National Association of Letter Carriers,
Los Angeles, Calif.*

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

MONDAY, *September 21, 1942.*

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, the strength of all men who put their trust in Thee, perfect our weakness in Thy strength. Thou who dost hold in Thy hands the basic laws of the universe, we pray that this sad world may emerge from the tragic scenes of darkness and threatened death. Help us to yield ourselves to Thee so completely that every fiber of our Nation's soul shall revolt against unprovoked war with its tempest and burning blackness. As lovers of freedom, may our people put on the whole armor of God that we may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil and quench all the fiery darts of the evil one. Again we invoke Thy blessings upon our world-renowned President, our Speaker, the Vice President, and both Houses of the Congress that strength, unity, and wisdom may abound and that they may be directed in the realms of resolution, endeavor, and determination.

Dear Lord, we pause in reverent tribute to the honored Member who answers not to the roll call. Oh, take unto Thyself the soul of him whose devotion to duty and integrity of purpose abide with us. O heavenly Father of compassion, through their halting hours of anguish, breathe upon all the loved ones stricken in their grief that they may take up the weary burdens of life. In the name of our Saviour. Amen.

Mr. LEA. Mr. Speaker, it is with sorrow that I announce the death of our colleague from California, FRANK H. BUCK, Representative from the Third District of California in Congress, in this city on the 17th day of this month.

Mr. BUCK was elected to the Congress 10 years ago, serving first in the Seventy-third Congress and continuously since.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

He was born in Vacaville, Solano County, Calif., on the 30th of September 1887, and that remained his residence until the time of his death. Mr. BUCK was a man of wide experience and education. He was well trained in the law and in education had the advantages of some of the best universities of our country. He was experienced in agricultural production covering a large number of farm crops, and in the shipping and marketing of its products. He made a special study and had a practical training in the practice of revenue law and its applications before he came to Congress. He was a man of vision and broad practical understanding.

He came here with that background of experience which well qualified him to take the part he did as a Member of this House.

The life book of Mr. BUCK is closed. The decline in his health and physical strength commenced over 2 years ago and progressively persisted until his death.

As a Member of this House and his friend I prefer to remember FRANK BUCK as we knew him in the days of his strength and ability, of his virile manhood and keen intellect, in the days of his finest accomplishments. His record here, if we judge it by his performance as a Member of Congress, is closed; but those who may study it in the future will find in that record a career of courage, intelligence, and of constructive statesmanship useful to our State and Nation and highly appreciated by his constituents in the State of California.

Even in the last 2 years when he was in this decline of health and physical strength, in the main his votes and his record as a Member of Congress were consistent with that former record, which was one of constructive and useful statesmanship. His ability was outstanding in the House, where many men of fine ability worthily took their parts. Today we can pay to him a tribute due those who have done a useful service for their country.

FRANK HENRY BUCK

Mr. Speaker, I offer a resolution, which I send to the desk.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolution (H. Res. 539).

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. FRANK H. BUCK, a Representative from the State of California.

Resolved, That a committee of four Members of the House with such Members of the Senate as may be joined be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Mr. LEA. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from California [Mr. Elliott].

Mr. ELLIOTT of California. Mr. Speaker, the voice and activities of Congressman FRANK HENRY BUCK have been stilled, but the effects and results of his efforts remain with us yet. His work is finished and his record complete, but his name and fame will linger and be cherished for ages to come.

It was my good fortune to know FRANK BUCK as a friend. The Third California Congressional District, which he represented, is the place of my birth, and I knew him prior to his election to Congress on November 8, 1932. He was possessed of great common sense, a fine intelligence, affable manner, and a keen sense of honor, ethics, and responsibility. He had the personality and ability of a born leader, and was vigorous, honest, courageous, patriotic, and high-minded in everything that engaged his attention. In him was placed the confidence of the people and of his associates because of the high standards of ethics and public service that always

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

actuated him. Reliance could be had upon the soundness of his judgment and decision upon any matter affecting the public or general welfare.

No doubt exists in the minds of the people of California that they have lost a most worthy servant. His contribution to the welfare of the Nation as a Member of this body was of the highest order and merited sincere respect.

His widow and children have my deepest sympathy.

Mr. LEA. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from California [Mr. ROLPH].

Mr. ROLPH. Mr. Speaker, FRANK BUCK served for almost 10 years in this body. He has contributed greatly to the upbuilding of his native California. Who will ever forget the masterful manner in which he opposed the mandatory joint income-tax feature on this floor last year? The complete success of the effort was in no small degree due to his work.

The people of California will long remember FRANK H. BUCK.

As a new Member of the House, I want to say how cordial and helpful FRANK was to me in becoming adjusted to the congressional routine. He was ever willing and anxious to help, and we shall miss him sorely.

In FRANK's passing, I am thinking of those verses entitled "In a Friendly Sort of Way":

When a man ain't got a cent and he's feeling kind 'er blue
And the clouds hang dark and heavy and won't let the sunshine
thru,

It's a great thing, oh, my brethren, for a fellow just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder, in a friendly sort of way.

It makes a man feel curious, it makes the teardrops start
And you sort of get a flutter in the region of your heart.
You can't look up and meet his eyes, you don't know what to say
When a hand's upon your shoulder, in a friendly sort of way.

FRANK HENRY BUCK

Oh, the world's a curious compound, with its honey and its gall,
With its cares and double-crossers, but a good world after all.
And a good Lord must have made it, least-ways, that is what I say,
When a hand's upon my shoulder, in a friendly sort of way.

Mr. LEA. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from California [Mr. Leland M. Ford].

Mr. LELAND M. FORD. Mr. Speaker, the Members of this House now know of the passing of another of our beloved Members. I rise to pay tribute to my personal friend and departed colleague, FRANK HENRY BUCK, of the Third Congressional District of the State of California. I feel, as I am sure do all of FRANK BUCK's colleagues, that the State of California has suffered a distinct loss in his passing. Since elected to Congress in 1932 Congressman BUCK has served continuously up to the time of his death. During the years when he served on the Ways and Means Committee of the House, he devoted long hours of study and work to the important problems which this committee has had to consider during the past 8 or 9 years in the history of our country. We have all found in FRANK BUCK the ever-readiness to cooperate and to help us with the individual problems of our districts, and we are all going to keenly feel his loss. In his service in Congress, Congressman BUCK was a true representative of the State in which he was born, and has typified the ideals of a true American and a true Californian. I am sure we all, who have known FRANK BUCK, will deeply feel his absence.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to.

The SPEAKER. The Chair asks the indulgence of the House until tomorrow, at which time he will name the funeral committee.

The Clerk will report the further resolution.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

The resolution was agreed to.

Accordingly (at 12 o'clock and 18 minutes p. m.), under its previous order, the House adjourned until tomorrow, Tuesday, September 22, 1942, at 11 o'clock a. m.

TUESDAY, September 22, 1942.

The SPEAKER. Pursuant to House Resolution 539, the Chair appoints the following Members of the House to attend the funeral of the late Honorable FRANK H. BUCK: Mr. Doughton, Mr. Carter, Mr. Elliott of California, and Mr. Izac.

WEDNESDAY, September 23, 1942.

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Frazier, its legislative clerk, announced that the Senate had adopted the following resolution (S. Res. 292):

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. FRANK H. BUCK, late a representative from the State of California.

Resolved, That a committee of two Senators be appointed by the Presiding Officer of the Senate to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now take a recess until 12 o'clock meridian tomorrow.

The message also announced that pursuant to the above resolution the Presiding Officer of the Senate appointed Mr. Johnson of California and Mr. Downey members of the committee on the part of the Senate.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

TUESDAY, *September 22, 1942.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Chaffee, one of its reading clerks, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. FRANK H. BUCK, late a Representative from the State of California, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair lays before the Senate a resolution coming from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The resolution (H. Res. 539) was read, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
September 21, 1942.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. FRANK H. BUCK, a Representative from the State of California.

Resolved, That a committee of four Members of the House with such Members of the Senate as may be joined be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provision of these resolutions and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

Mr. McNARY. Mr. President, on behalf of the senior Senator from California [Mr. Johnson], who is temporarily absent from the Chamber, I send to the desk a resolution, which I ask to have read, and for which I ask present consideration.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolution will be read.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

The resolution (S. Res. 292) was read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. FRANK H. BUCK, late a Representative from the State of California.

Resolved, That a committee of two Senators be appointed by the Presiding Officer of the Senate to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Under the second resolving clause the Presiding Officer appointed Mr. Johnson of California and Mr. Downey as the committee on the part of the Senate to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Mr. McNARY. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative, I move that the Senate now take a recess until 12 o'clock noon tomorrow.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 4 o'clock and 36 minutes p. m.) the Senate took a recess until tomorrow, Wednesday, September 23, 1942, at 12 o'clock noon.



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